Volume LXXIX CHICAGO, August 23, 1917 Number 26

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## Ultima Veritas

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,—

When the anchors that faith had cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail:

I know that right is right;
That it is not good to lie;
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy;

I kow that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find;

That the rulers must obey;
That the givers shall increase;
That Duty lights the way
For the beautiful feet of Peace;—

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear,
That faith is truer than doubt;

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that Truth and Right
Have the universe on their side;

And that somewhere, beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate;
When the night unlocks her bars
I shall see Him, and I will wait.

—*Washington Gladden.*

## In Memoriam

*Reprinted* *E. W. E. See Page 406*

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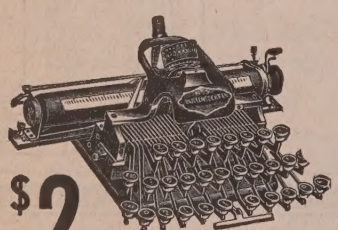

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIX THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1917. NUMBER 26

## JOY AND PLEASURE.

Now, Joy is born of parents poor,
And pleasure of our richer kind;
Though Pleasure's free, she cannot sing
As sweet a song as Joy confined.

Pleasure's a Moth, that sleeps by day
And dances by false glare at night;
But Joy's a Butterfly, that loves
To spread its wings in Nature's light.

Joy's like a Bee, that gently sucks
Away on blossoms its sweet hour;
But Pleasure's like a greedy Wasp,
That plums and cherries would devour.

Joy's like a lark that lives alone,
Whose ties are very strong, though few;
But Pleasure like a Cuckoo roams,
Makes much acquaintance, no friends true.

Joy from her heart doth sing at home,
With little care if others hear;
But Pleasure then is cold and dumb,
And sings and laughs with strangers near.

—*William H. Davies.*

*From "Collected Poems of William H. Davies" (Alfred A. Knopf).*

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UNITY has wounded the feelings and lost the confidence of some of its friends because of its lack of admiration of and sympathy with the domestic cat. The cat seems to be having a hard time of it of late. Dr. Evans of the Chicago *Tribune* recently devoted a large part of his health space to the condemnation of the cat. A late issue of the *Literary Digest* gives large space to the exposure of cat enormities. A recent bulletin issued by the Audubon Society at Washington, speaking of the preservation of the heath-hen at Martha's Vineyard, attributed it largely to the care taken in "destroying cats, rats, hawks, etc." The cat is being found out. It is in bad company. The truth of it is it stands almost alone among domesticated animals as one that has failed to take on human elements. It is indulgent, unsocial, selfish, and spite of human care on provocation is indiscriminating in its habits. The verdict of science is to be heeded whether the dictum of the economist is or not. The cat must go.

---

It is the part of patriotism as well as of good morals to remember that the war with all its horrors is a passing event, that life must go steadily on. That is the highest loyalty that persists in living the daily life along the high routine of the duties that are rooted in the home, community and the state. Those who discharge daily the high functions rooted in lowly duties and commonplace opportunity are the finest patriots, the truest heroes. We offer no apology to our readers this week for making room for the words which the editor spoke at the coffin side of his old army comrade, Evan W. Evans. (See page 406.) The service which this man rendered in the Sixth Wisconsin Battery at the front, under Grant, Sherman, McPherson and Logan, was a noble one, but it was overshadowed by the larger service which he rendered during the half century and more that followed, and his career is typical of that of the true patriot. War at its highest interpretation accepts a lower test of courage and service than peace. The story of this country dealer in live stock, this farmer representative in the Wisconsin legislature, is a typical one and one that appeals to the young men of America today. To keep right on living day by day, year by year the life of honest industry, is to unwittingly accumulate a splendid store of character which commands the love of the community and when withdrawn leaves a whole country side bereaved.

---

*Cole's Review* for August 4 has an editorial on "Mistakes of Saloonkeepers" which is very clarifying. This editor admits that there are conscientious saloonkeepers who believe that they can earn an honest living by meeting a legitimate demand while it is quite evident that based on their own standards a "legitimate saloon" is a ruinous proposition. A saloon that only meets the demands of "moderate drinking" will ruin the saloonkeeper. Drunkenness is for the saloon the condition of prosperity. Taking up the subject where the *Review* leaves it off, it is but fair to admit that the present enforcement of existing laws that have heretofore been dormant, and much more the enactment of the new laws, will carry many saloonkeepers to bankruptcy. They made their investment believing that the state and public opinion justified it. It is a legitimate question to ask, should not the state bear a part of the loss which it is inflicting? "Compensated emancipation" was an unpopular doctrine both North and South before the war. Lincoln had a mind large enough and a conscience sufficiently clear to see the justice of it. The state had permitted slavery, when it came to the larger vision that demanded its destruction it should stand a part of the loss. Are we coming to a like judgment concerning the saloon and its fell traffic? The state is beginning to see that the whole business is bad and is busily at work eliminating it, perhaps it ought to help the saloonkeeper and the brewers and distillers back of them, by standing part of the loss that comes from the scientific disillusionment.

The following is the way one conscientious objector presents his case to the government. This copy was presented to the Editor of UNITY because the objector had previously conferred with him over the painful situation. We print it because we believe his case typical and that his position is justifiable from the standpoint of justice, logic and reason, the legal soundness of his position must be determined by legal experts and the final findings of a competent court. Meanwhile, we can but believe that the department at Washington will interpret the law according to the spirit rather than the letter, for to violate the spirit in the interest of the letter is to add new complications to the present national entanglement which is so embarrassing to true democracy.

Serial No. 749.
Order No. 264.

*Statement by John B. C. Woods, Attached to Claim of Discharge, August 7, 1917.*

As a conscientious objector to war I make my claim of discharge from selective draft on Form No. 121 because it is the form prepared by the Provost Marshal, which is most nearly applicable to my case.

I am aware that the ground upon which my claim is based refers only to a "member of a well-recognized religious sect or organization."

I am not now, neither was I at May 18, 1917, or ever, a member of any "well-recognized religious sect or organization" whose convictions are against war—or in favor of war.

I have never been a member of *any* religious sect.

I have not been a member of *any* organization from the age of 21 until May 18, 1917 (except in connection with my profession as a public accountant).

But I make my claim upon Form 121 based upon ground (1) for the reason that if the law is interpreted in spirit and not strictly according to the letter, my claim is good and can be substantiated by affidavits.

I am not attaching to this claim any affidavits in support thereof for the reason that Form No. 143, being the form for affidavits usually required with claims based upon ground (1), does not precisely meet my case. I hold myself ready to submit affidavits similar to those set forth on Form No. 143, or other affidavits you may call for, and such other proof as you may call for. If no affidavits are called for I will submit affidavits similar to those on Form 143, during the ten days allowed by the law.

I am of the opinion that upon consideration of my claim you will be justified in granting me discharge.

I am of the opinion that the act entitled "An act to Authorize the President to Increase Temporarily the Military Establishment of the United States" should be and will be interpreted according to the spirit of the law and not according to the letter.

I cannot believe that in the case of a conscientious objection to war, which can be proved equally with a conscientious objection to war held by "a member of a well-recognized religious sect or organization," the objection will not be recognized under the act.

If it is not, the act will violate the first amendment to the Constitution, prohibiting Congress from making any law respecting an establishment of religion, in that it will assume to recognize a certain religion and to discriminate in favor of the adherents of such religion. It will deny the "free exercise of religion" guaranteed by the amendment. It will recognize some convictions, some consciences, but not others.

I claim that conscience is individual, and if recognized at all, should be recognized irrespective of religious belief or unbelief.

In the event that my claim for discharge is not allowed, I give notice that I have not, that I do not, and that I will not waive my rights, legal or otherwise, to appeal and to protest against the unconstitutionality of the act referred to, in its violation of the first amendment of the Constituion or in its violation of any other amendment, article, section or subdivision of a section of the Constitution.

## Legalized Indignities to Women

Mrs. Matilda Hall Gardner in the *Suffragist* for July 28 gives a graphic account of the sixteen women who were sentenced to the federal workhouse in Washington on July 17 under the technical charge of "obstructing traffic," but really for picketing in the interest of woman's suffrage in the neighborhood of the White House. These sixteen women were women of national reputation, representing intellectual, social and ethical dignity. UNITY has never had much sympathy with militancy, even when it championed so high a cause as woman's suffrage. We deplored the boisterousness, the rudeness and the violence of the English suffragists when they anticipated warlike activities before the war. Life long advocates of suffrage as we have been, we regretted the action of the Congressional Union which is so determined to make suffrage the one and only test at the ballot box. We believed in the Susan B. Anthony Amendment while Susan B. Anthony was alive and did not wait until she was dead to stand in with her and for her. But we resent unqualifiedly the coarse affront to womanhood offered these sixteen ladies in the Washington workhouse. The affront to decency, a brutal disrespect to the refinements of cultivated society on the part of officials, and the vulgar standards of the management can be represented by no less word than outrageous. It is sad to think that any woman, however sunken, must be treated as these women were during their imprisonment. But that these women who have adorned the communities they represent should be thus treated for a technical offense which, as reported in an interview with the husband of one of these women, the President himself admitted was in violation of national law, is beyond belief. Shame on the judge! Shame on the officials who forgot their manners! Shame on the District of Columbia for this low grade institution!

We sympathize with Mrs. Hopkins, one of the group who resented release on the part of the President without any apology. In a letter to the President she said: "We desire not your presidential benevolence but American justice." "This pardon without any explanation . . . in no way mitigates the injustice inflicted on me by the violation of my constitutional rights." These women suffered for the suffrage cause most worthily, but incidentally they may have contributed to a more fundamental respect for woman's rights; the right of any woman, however low she may have fallen, to the courtesies, the decencies, the pure air, the palatable food, however simple, the comfortable dress, however cheap, and the privacy that belongs to womanhood. Motherhood, sisterhood, wifehood, daughterhood may be degraded by women, but they should never be desecrated by men in the name of

law and order. There are woman's rights more fundamental than the rights of suffrage and these sixteen women in Washington suffered for these.

As we go to press the papers tell of further arrests and more "jailing" of pickets. What may be bad manners on the part of these women is no justification for bad morals on the part of the courts. Legalized insults to womanhood will promptly react to the advantage of the righteous cause the women represent.

## "The National Non-Partisan League"

The above title has not yet been familiarized to the average newspaper reader. The partisan papers have studiously put it into small type and in other ways have done everything within the reach of their art to minimize its importance. The "big dailies" are treating it as the priest did the good Samaritan in the parable, they "pass by on the other side." But it is a title to be noted. It represents a movement to be watched. In the three short years that have elapsed since the movement was first formulated it has acquired possession of the state government of North Dakota and has risen to formidable proportions on the political map of other western states.

It is a movement which the old parties must reckon with. It is a cloud no bigger than a man's hand on the horizon today, but by 1920 the sky will be overcast and at the next presidential election there may be a storm that will leave a clearer sky, a more vitalizing atmosphere.

The great element that bespeaks its triumph is embedded in its name, "non-partisan." The old party lines have long since grown dim, they have been preserved only by the tireless diligence of party bosses, and in most cases have had no more significance than white lines on the green sward of a tennis court, important only to those who are playing the game.

The other day North Dakota sent a new man down to Washington to take the place of a deceased member of the House of Representatives. John M. Baer is a young newspaper man, a cartoonist, a Wisconsin boy, a graduate of Lawrence University, Wisconsin. Eight years ago he went to North Dakota to make for himself a home and he seems to have stumbled on a career not looked for. There were six or eight other candidates in the field. The straight line democratic candidate, "supported by the administration," whatever that may mean, received three thousand votes. The out-and-out Republican received eight thousand votes. This young man, without a political machine back of him, without a record and without a barrel, polled thirteen thousand votes, more than the combined votes of Democrat and Republican.

Representative Baer began to make history for the new party promptly upon his arrival at Washington. He told them there that his constituency did not lack in loyalty to the government "that would make the world safe for democracy," but that German autocracy in Europe could not be destroyed by the suppression of democracy in America. He told them also that:

It is a monstrous injustice to ask the survivors of bloody fields to come home and pay the money cost of war. It is equally unjust to permit lobbyists to oppose the conscription of wealth without let or hindrance, while making it unlawful for a mother to oppose the conscription of the life of her son.

He further told Congress that he was there to represent a people who wanted the government to declare in more definite terms what they were fighting for. He told them that "something more than generalities are required in the answer of this question." He said:

The President says the German people are as peace loving as ourselves, and that we are "devoted to the pursuits of peace." Then why the millions of American manhood sacrificed upon the bloody field of war? Is it not because no means have yet been devised for bringing to agreement these two peaceful peoples? I believe it is possible these two peace-loving peoples could and would agree to peace terms if their governments led the way by defining terms that would serve as a basis for negotiations.

The talk of this young man may have grated upon the ears of the "majority" in the house, it may have disturbed the war-lords in the councils of the nation and embarrassed the official guardians of patriotism who are bound to interpret any talk of peace as springing from pro-German sympathies and spoken by traitorous enemies of the flag.

Be that as it may, Representative Baer vocalized not only the deep, irresistible, on-moving stream of public opinion in America, but he voiced the prayer of humanity at the heart of all the belligerent nations, from the little powers of Serbia and Belgium, through the distracted, newly born Russian republic to the imposing empires of the Central and Allied powers. There is everywhere a growing weariness of war, a rising distrust of war maneuvers as a means of grace or as instruments of truth. Gaunt hunger stares millions in the face in all countries, the "voice of Rachel weeping for her children" is heard in all lands, but more significant and potent than all these physical woes is the dawning sense that war can never right the wrongs of the world and that a military victory will never bring permanent peace. The growing courage in all countries is the courage to speak the word "PEACE." The new valor is represented in the protest against the arming of men. Faith in God is finding new expression in a lack of faith in armies. Now the word is spoken by individuals who dare and their enunciation is sometimes indistinct, but soon it is to be uttered in chorus, will be written on banners borne aloft in mighty processions which will join in singing it as they move along. The word is now spoken all the way from the socialist conclave to the papal chamber in Rome, and not much longer can President and Congress evade this demand on the suspicion of insincerity on behalf of those who speak it. There is an attempt to save the American battle line by crying that the call for peace is a strategic movement on

the part of the enemy, a "trick of the Huns," a military maneuver on the part of the Germans. Very well! It becomes the United States to meet this flank movement with a counter movement. The party that will first dare, and most strenuously persist in talking peace, is moving towards that victory that is not to be won on battle fields.

But this movement to put pacifism into politics and to preserve the constitutionality of our democracy in war times as well as in times of peace, are not the only conquering elements in the N. N. L. (Note the initials. They are to become very familiar in the columns of the current press.) This movement is to stand for a real civil service which for a generation has been "fumbled" in a Pickwickian sense by both parties. It is to stand for equal suffrage for men and women, it is to champion honestly and squarely the "dry" movement which is already rolling eastward from the saner West. It is to stand for more scientific taxation. It is to oppose "gambling in the necessities of life," the permitting of "stockholders of private corporations to pocket enormous profits." It is opposed to "the conscription of men while exempting wealth coined from the sufferings of humanity." It is to stand for freedom of speech and an unmuzzled press, and for the abolition of secret diplomacy. It recognizes that "a lasting peace is possible only on a new basis of human thought and relation." It believes that true democracy will mean international standards. Private monopoly must give way to public administration.

If all these high demands can be championed by a "League," the last word in the title will persuade the partisan, the agitator, the champion of internal reforms, to suspend temporarily the details of their "isms," and stand together. Then the N. N. L. will become irresistible. Here is a platform whereon it would seem that farmer, labor unionist, socialist, single taxer, prohibitionist, suffragist and all the others who believe that our future must out-do the past if it is to be worthy of its inheritance, can stand. Already we are told that it has a well organized footing in twelve western states. Eastward the star of democracy takes its course!

Watch out for the "N. N. L."

---

We protest against the unjust and often malicious use of the word "pacifist." It is in no sense of the word a term of reproach. The man who would not prefer the peaceful settlement of a quarrel rather than its settlement by war, which determines only on which side lies the weight of force, belongs to the age of savagery. The lover of peace, when once driven in self-defense to take up arms, is a far more dangerous foe than his hot-headed neighbor. Washington was a pacifist, and so was Lincoln.

*—Our Dumb Animals.*

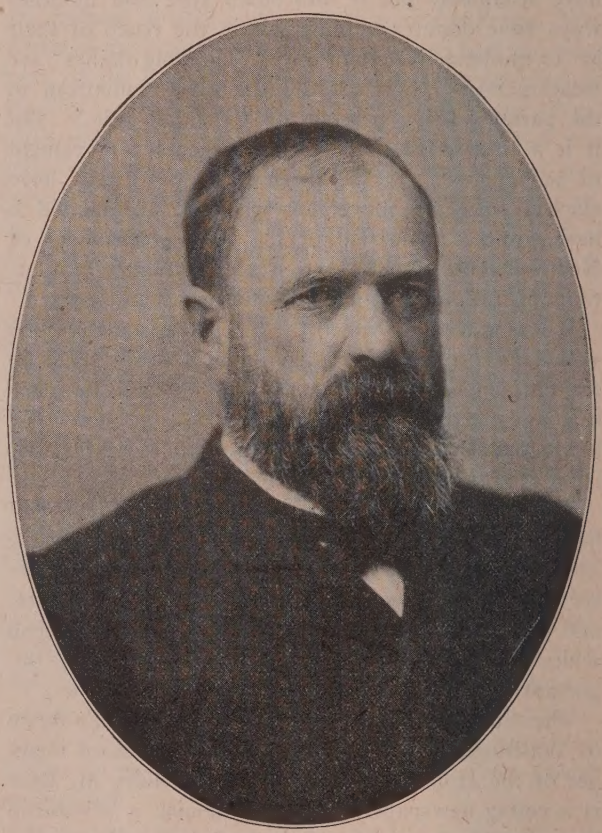
## Honorable Evan W. Evans

A Funeral Address Delivered at Spring Green, Wis., August 9, 1917, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

(See pages 401, 403.)

What means this large, tender, tearful assembly in this hurried working day? What means this assembly of those who, forgetting their cares, laying aside their tasks, have gathered on this beautiful lawn this morning?

An old settler, a landmark in the community, a state-maker, has fallen on sleep. His life spans the



*E. W. Evans*

*(Photographed by Curtis, Madison, Wis., While Member of the Legislature,* 1888.)

story of this community. A lad crossed the seas and found a home in this valley. He was born to service, he was reared to public service. He inherited an honored name. A few in this presence can join me in respectful memory of "Squire Evans," who helped organize this town and directed its early adventures. My earliest experience at a public meeting was when a lad, not more than fourteen years of age, I was permitted to go to the "town meeting" in the "old white school house." Of course "Squire Evans" was chairman of the board. And I have always remembered the charge which he as chairman gave to the few citizens of Spring Green at that time. He called their attention to the fact that as yet the town had made no provision to guard the ashes of its dead. He made a plea for an appropriation for a town ceme-

tery. Today in that cemetery we lay away the perishable remains of a worthy son of "Squire Evans," the son of an old settler, trusted by his neighbors who honored his leadership.

This "old settler" in due time became an "old soldier." "Corporal Evans" answered to the roll call in 1861 and bravely abided by the demands laid upon him by the nation. He wrought heroically, faithfully, lovingly, and always in the interest of the citizen. Under the strain of battle lines he was ever a citizen soldier, and he returned to complete his task in Wisconsin, to finish the work begun on battle torn fields. Whether as citizen or as soldier he never commanded but always led. He was respected by virtue of his manliness.

I yield to no man in my respect for the service this brave man rendered his country from '61 to '65, but in this presence I call you to witness that that was a boy's practice work for the higher service of citizenship which through these long years he has rendered to this village, county, state and nation. A corporal's stripes come easily, sometimes unworthily, but to him was handed through the confidence of his fellow citizens the responsibility of a legislator, a seat in the assembly of the forming state of Wisconsin. He was promoted by the ballots of this community to eight years of careful service as an intelligent, trustworthy, ever reliable law maker.

A Sabbath day quiet pervades yon village streets today. All business is suspended. The flag floats at half mast over the village hall. One who represented the interests of this community through innumerable years on the county board, who was for many years village president, is receiving his last tribute of respect.

We come then to bury a great citizen whose apprenticeship in war prepared him for the higher responsibilities that were laid upon him. We have come to bury the mortal part of a very modest man, a silent man whose words were few because his works were ever in evidence. His loyalty was not of speech or of gesture, but of life and duty.

We have come to bury a *gentle*-man whose kindly deeds were never recorded except on the tablets of the recording angel, and they are not open to the inspection of mortal eyes in finite time.

Other men have been successful business men, honest in trade and honorable in conduct, like this brother, but he added to the grace of business the higher graces of courtesy, the womanly graces of sympanthy and tenderness. He has been a brother to many of us, he has been a neighbor to all of us, but no one can tell how sisterly was his brotherly affection, or how motherly was his loyalty to his fellow citizens.

This silent man made few professions in politics or in religion. I think I know much of "Evie" Evans' creed, but I would be disloyal to this tender companion, comrade and brother were I to try to translate it into words in this place. I think I know the faith that was founded deep in the core of this man's soul, but I am not here to boast of it or to interpret it.

One thing I know, that if gentleness and kindness and honesty and long suffering, and unnamed and unnumbered services and courtesies are the attributes of a Christian, we come to bury a noble Christian.

Another thing I know, that if the good and the gracious are to pass through the gates into eternal life, this man has won immortality.

One thing more I know, that if a pure life, witnessed to by pure speech, a tongue uncontaminated by vulgarity or coarseness, is a symptom of a godly life, we come to bury a god-like man.

His creed was unwritten, his profession of faith was not a matter of public display. But some of us in this presence have seen this life tested by a fire that would burn away all coarseness and all selfishness, and he stood the test. Pure gold ready for the minting was the residue.

I dare not come nearer home. Here lies the body of one who shared his blanket with me for well-nigh three years. We ate out of the same haversack and used the same utensils. Here lies one whose strength completed my weakness, whose care made efficient my inefficiency, who many times shared his last crust with me and who often reduced his own rations that mine might be more adequate. My Corporal often said to me, "You go to your breakfast and I will hitch your team. My Corporal often lifted the heavy saddle on to my horse to save my disease-weakened arms.

I come to speak the word of love and tenderness beside the coffin of my comrade from whom all through the years there was never an accent of impatience or of selfish concern to break the brotherly ties that united us. In the strain and stress of our long civic life his signals were always charged with love and tenderness. "Evie" Evans and I took each other for granted, and I ever knew that in his heart I held a place secure.

This man interpreted all life nobly in the nobility of his own individual life as he interpreted the world grandly in his thought. Here today the universe comes into blossom. The travail of the millenniums is back of such a life as this. The stars in their courses are in league with such a career as this. The providence that guides the comets in their flight has charge of such a soul. We live in an economic universe, where not a grain of sand can be destroyed, nor a ray of light be allowed to lose its way, and how much more will such a spirit as this be conserved by an ordered universe that allows no waste.

One thing more must be said at such a time. How the "seemings" and the "shows" of the world disappear in this presence; how the things that divide are minimized. He was born in Wales, and so was I. How many others in this presence carry their traditions back to other lands. It would exhaust the map of Europe were I to call the roll of this large company, and still there are no lines on our map today; no difference of language, creed, profession or social station are here to separate this loving company It is an intrusion upon this company to speak of Wales, Ireland, Germany, France, England or what not. By the revelation of this life and in the presence of this coffin we are confessed brothers and sisters in the great family of man, and any attempt to divide us by creed, politics or ancestral traditions would be an insult. We are here to confess our common brotherhood because we have lost a fellow citizen, a neighbor and a friend to us all. Yesterday we were conscious of our differences perhaps even to the point of suspicion, hatred or antipathies, tomorrow we may fall apart again, but never so far apart as yesterday, for in the life and triumph of "Evie" Evans we have been made conscious of the abiding brotherhood, we have been brought into the presence of the divine fra-

ternity of the lovers of truth and the doers of justice.

O he was a much trusted man. Hundreds of times in public speech and press I have had this beloved comrade of mine in mind, without naming him, as a splendid illustration of fidelity. On my annual return to this Wisconsin home of mine I have been unspeakably touched by the sight of little children, "barefooted kids," driving wagons loaded with valuable live-stock,—calves, pigs, sheep,—to the market, and no father or elder went along to haggle about the price, to watch the weighing or to check up the figures. It was enough to know that they were being sent to "Evie" Evans, for he would guard the interest both of the producer and the purchaser. His conscience protected the interest of both.

Do you wonder then that I find in the character of this brave, splendid, plain, humble man, who had reached six years beyond the allotted three score and ten, the credentials of heaven as they are the credentials of nobility on earth? His good citizenship was good religion. He was trustworthy in trade, tender in the presence of suffering, responsive to want and woe, helpful everywhere. This is the beatific life. The ideals I find in the pages of the gospel were here in large measure realized.

Farewell, dear comrade and brother. You have gone home. I congratulate you on your release.

And to you, my old friends and early neighbors, I give congratulations that you with me are left on duty with such blessed memories, such high bequests.

His home ties are too sacred to be discussed at this time. It is enough for us to know that the line of "Squire Evans" is being worthily perpetuated by those who have inherited this great trust, this high responsibility and magnificent example of the pioneer grandfather and the veteran father.

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## THE NIGHTINGALE UNHEARD

Yes, Nightingale, through all the summer-time
We followed on, from moon to golden moon;
From where Salerno day-dreams in the noon,
And the far rose of Pæstum once did climb.
All the white way beside the girdling blue,
Through sun-shrill vines and campanile chime,
We listened;—from the old year to the new.
Brown bird, and where were you?

You, that Ravello lured not, throned on high
And filled with singing out of sun-burned throats!
Nor yet Minore of the flame-sailed boats;
Nor yet—of all bird-song should glorify—
Assisi, Little Portion of the blest,
Assisi, in the bosom of the sky,
Where God's own singer thatched his sunward nest;
That little, heavenliest!

And north and north, to where the hedge-rows are,
That beckon with white looks an endless way;
Where, through the fair wet silverness of May,
A lamb shines out, as sudden as a star,
Among the cloudy sheep; and green, and pale,
The may-trees reach and glimmer, near or far,
And the red may-trees wear a shining veil.
—And still, no nightingale!

The one vain-longing,—through all journeyings,
The one: in every hushed and hearkening spot,—
All the soft-swarming dark where you were not,
Still longed for! Yes, for sake of dreams and wings,
And wonders that your own must ever make
To bower you close, with all hearts' treasurings;
And for that speech toward which all hearts do ache;
Even for Music's sake.

But most, his music whose beloved name
Forever writ in water, of bright tears,
Wins to one grave-side even the Roman years
That kindle there the hallowed April flame
Of comfort-breathing violets. By that shrine
Of Youth, Love, Death, forevermore the same,
Violets still!—When melts, to leave no sign,
The arch of Constantine.

Most for his sake we dreamed. Tho' not as he,
From that lone spirit, brimmed with human woe,
Your song once shook to surging overflow.
How was it, sovran dweller of the tree,
His cry, still throbbing in the flooded shell
Of silence with remembered melody,
Could draw from you no answer to the spell?
—O Voice, O Philomel?

Long time we wondered (and we knew not why):—
Nor dream, nor prayer of wayside gladness born,
Nor vineyards waiting, nor reproachful thorn,
Nor yet the nested hill-towns set so high
All the white way beside the girdling blue,—
Nor olives, gray against a golden sky,
Could serve to wake that rapturous voice of you!
But the wise silence knew.

O Nightingale unheard!—Unheard alone,
Throughout that woven music of the days
From the faint sea-rim to the market-place,
And ring of hammers on cathedral stone!—
So be it, better so: that there should fail
For sun-filled ones, one blessed thing unknown.
To them, be hid forever,—and all hail!
Sing never,—Nightingale.

Sing, for the others! Sing; to some pale cheek
Against a window, like a starving flower.
Loose, with your singing, one poor pilgrim hour
Of journey, with some Heart's Desire to seek.
Loose, with your singing, captives such as these
In misery and iron, hearts too meek,
For voyage—voyage over dreamful seas
To lost Hesperides.

Sing not for free men. Ah, but sing for whom
The walls shut in; and even as eyes that fade,
The windows take no heed of light nor shade,—
The leaves are lost in mutterings of the loom.
Sing near! So in that golden overflowing
They may forget their wasted human bloom;
Pay the devouring days their all, unknowing,—
Reck not of life's bright going!

Sing not for lovers, side by side that hark;
Nor unto parted lovers, save they be
Parted indeed by more than makes the Sea.
Where never hope shall meet—like mounting lark—
Far Joy's uprising; and no memories
Abide to star the music-haunted dark:—
To them that sit in darkness, such as these,
Pour down, pour down heart's ease.

Not in kings' gardens. No; but where there haunt
The World's forgotten, both of men and birds;
The alleys of no hope and of no words,
The hidings where men reap not, though they plant;
But toil and thirst—so dying and so born;—
And toil and thirst to gather to their want,
From the lean waste, beyond the daylight's scorn,
—To gather grapes of thorn.

. . . . . .

And for those two, your pilgrims without tears,
Who prayed a largess where there was no dearth,
Forgive it them, brown music of the Earth!
Forgive it to their human-happy ears,
Unknowing; though the wiser silence knew!
Forgive it to the music of the spheres
That while they walked together so, the Two
Together,—heard not you.

*—Josephine Preston Peabody.*

## Free Religious Association

### Fifty Years of Social Thought and Service

**Address of Prof. Anna Garlin Spencer at the Half Century Anniversary, Tremont Temple, Boston**

Fifty years ago a most exquisite flower of the New England Renaissance bloomed in Boston. It has been my privilege for about forty years to inhale its fragrance and to gather confidence that the flower is a token of a still to come harvest.

It will be impossible for me at this late hour and after the two eloquent and most significant addresses, those of Dr. Samuel M. Crothers and George Willis Cooke, to which you have listened, to give you in the few words that I would be willing to give your patience to bear, any adequate statement under the heading assigned as my topic. But I must give you a few of the many testimonies to the growth of the great spirit which was symbolized merely in the birth of the Free Religious Association. Memories crowd upon me and I would be glad to give them utterance, but mine is the more important if the less gracious task of giving your thought a moment's turn toward what has been done to make the members of the Free Religious Association world-citizens in the great ethical progress of our time rather than what the Free Religious members themselves or the Association itself has contributed to that progress.

In the first place, we have had the word health mentioned. Let us remind ourselves—for it is familiar to you all—that fifty years ago we had a personal aspect toward individual health. We looked upon health and disease as something with which society was concerned merely in the line of amelioration, of relief, of sympathy, of care. In the fifty years the center of gravity in the medical profession has changed radically from the mere application of relief to social responsibility for the prevention of all preventable disease. And year by year diseases once thought to be incurable, always inherited, to be borne as the ills to which flesh might be heir, have one by one changed from that column to the column of curable, preventable, and in every sense to be outgrown, ills. We have come now to a great crusade against preventable disease. And I need not remind this audience how largely successful we are coming to be, how many of the diseases that we once thought were permanent inflictions of the human race are now more and more under control. If we have not reached our goal we are fast moving towards it. Nothing more inspiring on a Free Religious or any other religious platform has ever been said than is being said ofttimes now by great ministers of health to the students who are going out to fight disease as something not merely to be pitied and cared for but also to be prevented.

There is one field, however, where we are not gaining, where year by year the toll of suffering, disease and death is increasing. It is in the great area of nervous disease and mental troubles. And now we have started recently a great national organization, the Association of Mental Hygiene, into which are pouring fresh floods of enthusiastic effort to find out the ways by which through a combination of individual exercise, the right and normal attitude towards health and the social provisions for protection and care, we may lessen this great and at present increasing ill.

In the great International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, held in Washington, one of the few held on this side of the water, nothing was so encouraging to the student of social progress as to see the hopeful and enthusiastic approach of the younger medical profession toward even this last stronghold of suffering before unattacked.

Again, we have treated with some great measure of attention the problem of poverty. It is nearly a hundred years since a Frenchman visiting Boston wrote back to Paris: "I have found a man in America who knows the difference between poverty and pauperism." We have all learned that difference now, but we have learned much more than that. We have learned the scientific definition of poverty—that it is not merely whether any one particular person has what he or she believes to be essential to his or her comfort and happiness, but that the poverty we are to approach as a preventable and curable social as well as personal evil is that enforced standard of living below the demands of health and work efficiency. We know now what we are about when we meet in all manner of conventions and declare our purpose to abolish poverty. We know what we mean when we trace the connection between preventable disease and that poverty which we still now believe to be preventable. We know, for example, when we find that three times as many babies die under one year of age in families where the income is ten dollars a week or below as in those families where the income is twenty dollars a week or above—we know what we are talking about when we find the connection between this enforced standard of living below health and work efficiency and the baby saving to which we are devoted and the extension of life to which we are pledged and the removal of these ancient evils.

I have lived long enough to point back to a time when I saw myself sharply rebuked for using the words, "We need to abolish poverty." I have been rebuked by a distinguished prelate of an ancient church who said, "Did you not read, madam, that 'The poor we have always with us,' and besides, how could the saints attain virtue if there were no poor for them to minister to?" We have got to a point now when we are ashamed to be well-fed if others are starving. We cannot face with equanimity a perpetual feast for the few, whether it be physical or mental or spiritual, with a constant underfeeding and the consequent anemic condition of the bodies and the minds and the souls of the great mass of human beings.

Again, we have moved on in moral reform in a way to my mind even more significant. I need not mention temperance. All the early prohibitionists can now sit down in their rocking chairs on some pleasant sunny afternoon and see the rest of the world doing their work. It is quite as true of the woman suffrage cause. The time was when woman suffragists were considered to be a frumpy lot of women with rather cranky ideas, and a few—a very few—men of similar quality. The time was, a little later, when to be a woman suffragist cost a great deal. It cost your friends' approbation. It gave a little very unpleasant notoriety. You were supposed to be quite unlike other women if you were a woman suffragist. That day is past. It is a cold day in New York that does not see a swell luncheon presided over by a woman suf-

fragist. It is now not time for us, certainly in Massachusetts or yet in New York, Mr. Chairman, to lay down our arms in this matter, but we have moved on. The old pioneers have now come to a place where they must interpret to these new and ardent enthusiasts what the woman movement really means—that it is not merely the possession of something now coveted and formerly despised and condemned, namely, the ballot, and something to get very quickly because it is a new thing that is coveted, but that we have entered upon a great reconstruction of sex relationship that from the bottom to the top of life will make great and perhaps revolutionary changes in the family, in the care of children, in all the things upon which our ancient civilization is based.

It was a sort of knight errantry to get a particular symbol of the quest for equality upon which the women and their few men supporters started out fifty years ago and were received with welcome on this Free Religious platform when very few other platforms gave them welcome. But then the woman suffragists had the same feeling of superficial and rather mechanical approach to the great question of democracy which was the common experience and feeling at that time. Now we know that symbols are valueless except as symbols, and that there must be something in the very life and being of the people to which the symbols correspond in order that real progress be made.

But the greatest thing that has happened in relation to women and the sex relationship of men and women in the fifty years that is now in review is the new attitude towards commercialized prostitution. When this Free Religious Association was born I do not believe there was in the whole civilized world (called Christian) a single leading medical authority which was on the side of a small band of despised and even persecuted people who called themselves workers for social purity. The single standard had hardly lifted its banner and where it had been lifted it had been met with floods of obloquy and opposition. Today I do not know a single—with one exception—a single leading medical authority in any part of the so-called Christian world that does not stand for a single standard of purity for men and women. That single exception is in the surgical and medical department of the armed forces of that same so-called Christian world. That exception was illustrated in the congress to which I have referred, the Congress of Hygiene and Demography. The teaching of social purity in that congress by the physicians of every department but one was a teaching as high and fine, as ethical, as respectful to the personality of women as any old prophet or prophetess of the social purity movement of thirty years ago. But in the department devoted to the health of the armies and navies a lower note was struck—a tone of atheism respecting the sacredness of the person and the possibilities of protection of the young life of the womanhood of the world. That is one reason, my friends, why I stand here as long as I live to oppose the militaristic spirit.

In conclusion, I do not forget that in the second number of *The Index,* to which reference has been made, in the first decade of the Free Religious Association, when many of us were getting our inspiration from its platform, there appeared the first report of the first International Peace meeting of which we have any definite account. I remember that *The Index,* so far as my knowledge extends, was the only religious paper in the United States to give a full account of that meeting. I remember also that one so-called religious paper gave a partial and garbled account, introducing the whole question as one so far away from any real earnest consideration by sensible people that it was only given as a sort of freak announcement. I do not mean that that was the attitude of all the religious papers, but my statement stands that so far as I know *The Index* was the only paper to give columns of attention, careful reports, and to enter into correspondence through its editor with those who met on the other side of the water to consider international organization for what we now call a durable peace.

I have heard it said on this platform this morning that there is a sense of failure—failure of the Christian religion, failure of all our movements of moral reform—that is evidenced by this war. I have said, and I venture the repetition here, that I believe no human being today is wise enough to say with any positiveness or to know at least whether the entrance of this country into this World War is to bring it to a speedier and better end, or whether it is the most colossal blunder of the greatest democracy upon earth. But I know that for those of us to whom the great organization of the world for permanent peace is a consecrated devotion, we have but one course—to stand against the incoming tides of miltarism at every point, step by step, to hold our ground and press our advantage. But I confess to you, my friends, on this platform dedicated to utter sincerity and perfect frankness, that I do not share at this moment the sense of failure or even the sense of hopeless depression which some of my dearest friends share. I feel that we are caught up in a whirlwind; I don't know where we are to be set down. But this I know, that even in a whirlwind there is some power of the individual spirit to help determine its course. For us there is but one consecration—for us who have accepted as our watchword the sacred name of peace, fraternity, good-will, the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace shown by deeds as well as words—there is but one thing for us, whether it means prison or sacrifice or ostracism or separation as by the cleaving of the sword of the spirit between soul and soul.

But I also bid you not despair. If we cannot say, "All's right with the world," can we not say that the Spirit that has led us here is still leading us onward, and that though clouds and darkness be about His throne, that which human spirit has called the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

My friends, we have heard of the forward movement of the Free Religious Association. Remembering my forty years association, Mr. Chairman, I do not know but I should graciously use the phrase of old and say, "We that are about to die salute you." But I am not going to do any such thing. Owing to an incurable tendency to "Step Lively" with my youngest friend, I am going forward, too.

It is a great thing to have a beautiful vision that does not fade. It waits there to invite us as we climb. But I think that anyone who studies the thought and life, even the art and literature of this time, will feel that the obvious leadership today is not the leadership of the individual soul, however exalted and pure and

beautiful and inspiring. We have been thrust into the depths of human experience, even before this awful baptism of suffering and trial. We understand now that the revelation of the Divine is not in the saints and the saviours alone or chiefly, but in the great, sorrowing, struggling, stumbling, sinning, loving, aspiring human life.

So, Mr. Chairman, I do not feel like those who salute the oncoming life as they retire. I feel more like a grandmother who, when the young people are starting housekeeping, hands over the most cherished heirloom, something that was beautiful from the handicraft stage of her childhood, something that would give dignity and beauty to the modern improvements, machine-made, in the new household. I hand over to whatever new life comes to this Association because I am privileged to do so as a sort of link between the past and future—I hand over the consecration of spirit, that great and audacious freedom that has always marked this platform, that consecrated devotion to first listening long and patiently and with reverence for the voice of the Spirit, then speaking it with utter confidence that the greatest gift we can give to Truth is our own reaction from the Divine stimulus of our common life. I hand over this heirloom to these new leaders.

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## The Anti-Militarism in England—The Struggle for Freedom of Conscience

When the full history of the cataclysm which has overwhelmed Europe comes to be written nothing will stand out more hopeful for the lasting ideals of humanity than the unconquerable opposition of the Anti-Militarists in the various countries. True they are no more than a mere handful but their antagonism to warfare has exerted an influence far beyond actual numbers. Slowly as the veil is lifted by the military censors, the news of their trials and of the agitation for freedom of conscience filters through to America. Two prominent English leaders, Mr. Clifford Allen, the founder of the No Conscription Fellowship, and the Hon. Stephen Hobhouse, have been sentenced to two years imprisonment with hard labor and now the news is received of the second court martial and sentence of one year imprisonment with hard labor of Mark Hayler with whose case readers of UNITY have already been made acquainted. Mark Hayler's case has roused considerable discussion and the report of his court martial and address before sentence has been printed and widely circulated. Few of the conscientious objectors have fought such a brilliant fight for the right of freedom of conscience as guaranteed by the Military Service Acts of the British Parliament but ignored by the military tribunals. The radical civilian element have given him every support and members of Parliament and others testified to the genuineness of his pacifist convictions but with no avail. His public work of social service and his family record of opposition to warfare have been likewise treated as of no consequence. Released from Wandsworth gaol, London, on July 24th of last year after serving 84 days imprisonment he was taken back by military escort to Aldershot Camp and still refusing to accept military service was remanded for court martial. This charge was subsequently withdrawn and he was released by order of the war office and allowed his liberty until April 28th of this year when he was re-arrested and taken to Barosa Barracks, Aldershot, for a second court martial. In the meantime an effort was made to transfer him to a regiment leaving for France where, under martial law, he would probably have been shot for insubordination. This coup was frustrated by his being able to acquaint friends outside of the scheme. The second court martial was held on May 22nd at the Prince Consorts Library, Aldershot, and two days later his sentence of twelve months at hard labor was read out before the assembled battalion of over 1,200 men on the parade grounds at Aldershot. He was then taken to Winchester Prison, where his term will be served. Mark Hayler in his address to the court martial reviewed his experiences with the military authorities. He said: "In spite of all efforts to prove my sincerity as a conscientious objector I was arrested and locked in the common cell of a police station as though I was some dangerous criminal, charged before magistrates, fined for an offense I could never have committed, and conveyed from town to town under military escort, to say nothing of being bullied, left for hours without clothes, handcuffed, half-fed and talked of as some lunatic unfit to be at large." Speaking of the period of liberty allowed after his first term of imprisonment he said: "I think it only right to say that the months I spent on 'indefinite furlough' were given to voluntary work, preaching the gospel of peace and good will, but particularly to the cause of the prohibition of the liquor traffic: and when I say I was day by day engaged in the struggle for a sober Britain and one free from that which the prime minister has said is a greater menace to the nation than all the German submarines, it will be recognized I was performing work of the utmost importance. If this court has the right to ask why I will never serve in the army, I think it may also like to know what other alternative offered itself to me and what I did with the freedom of the nine months furlough." Concluding his address he said: "This court may have power to cast me out from the society of my fellow men and cut me off from the useful work I have dedicated my life to, in the direction of social and religious amelioration, and it may inflict punishments of imprisonment upon me; but I would remind the gentlemen constituting this court that what one of the greatest of English statesmen—Lord Morley—said long ago is still true, 'Fidelity to conviction is the mainstay of human advancement,' and that there is one thing greater than dying for one's country, and that is to live for it with the passion of one who desires its truest welfare. In conclusion, let me say that the day is coming when men will look back and view the history which is being made now with horror and disgust. This crime of all crimes will appear in all its hideousness and men will be forced to recognize that however stupid and insane the attitude of the conscientious objector may seem today, in the light of other days when the passion of the blood-tide is over he will be vindicated and his actions justified." The cases of the Anti-Militarists have been raised in the House of Lords, where Lord Parmoor has protested against the continuous hard-labor sentences imposed on the objectors. *The Manchester Guardian* also champions their cause and their appeal for justice has been supported by Mr. George Bernard

Shaw, who says: "In point of severity, imprisonment with hard labor, is the most severe form of incarceration practiced in England. A sentence of two years of it is regarded as reaching the limit of endurance; only when the offense is of such a nature as to provoke the court to do its worst is it resorted to. Eighteen months is a very severe sentence, and even a year indicates a pretty emphatic opinion that the prisoner is a pronounced rogue and ruffian. When terms of imprisonment exceeding two years are called for the prisoner is sent to penal servitude. The difference is that a prisoner at the end of two years hard labor is in a state of exhaustion which could not be prolonged without endangering his life, whereas penal servitude has to be so ordered that men can endure ten or even twenty years of it without physical collapse. It must therefore be clearly understood that a prisoner can be killed by sentencing him at hard labor for a continuing offence and renewing his sentences as they expire." Mr. Clifford Allen has already served a severe term of hard labor and he has now been immediately sentenced to two years further hard labor. Similar instances of this kind are continually occurring as the Anti-Militarists renew their resistence to service. During the first two months of hard labor the prisoner is not allowed to receive or send any letters or to receive visits of friends. The only news of the Anti-Militarists received by the outside world comes through their giving news of each other as they leave prison. Through this channel it is reported that Mark Hayler is well and as enthusiastic as ever. In his last letter, written as he entered prison, he said: "Our fight here against Militarism and for the Brotherhood of Man is having effect. A greater sympathy is now being extended to us, and though few personal references are made, I know that we have won the respect of heaps of men here, and those under whose immediate care we now are, I know will see us go to prison with the heavy feeling that follows a deep wrong. A sergeant came into the guard room one morning ere he went off duty to say that he was a Christian man fighting for what he believed to be right, but he looked upon us as men who were none the less Christian and he wished us God-speed. I have yet to believe that the Army as such, viz., the rank and file, are against us. I have not found it so. Every week we see signs of good influence." To another friend he wrote: "You are not likely to hear from me or see me for many a long day. Never mind; this fight is worth many a term of imprisonment, and I enter into it for a second time as enthusiastically as a year ago. I envy no man his freedom if by losing mine I can bring to this belated world some measure of that brotherhood which Death itself cannot sever. I believe in the ultimate good of all things, and however dark the days may get I am going to hold to the truth in the future as I did in the past, that love must conquer." Right up to the time of his arrest Mark Hayler was engaged in active social work and campaigning for Peace, but he found time for writing, and some of his verses have been highly commended in the English press. One of the Anti-Militarist prisoners in Winchester Gaol, Harold Bing, sent him a poem on "The Cuckoo," to which he replied with the lines entitled "Down Winchester Way."

I am told you hear cuckoos down Winchester way,
Now the sweet summer breezes are coming with May,
And they say that it cheers you and makes you feel gay,
When the cuckoo starts singing down Winchester way!

When the cuckoo
Starts singing
Down Winchester way!

Now it may be they'll bring ME down Winchester way!
If they do I'll be hearing the cuckoo's sweet lay,
And it's little I'll care, for no thought shall dismay,
If I'm hearing the cuckoo down Winchester way!

If I'm hearing
The cuckoo
Down Winchester way!

And my kith and my kin, when I'm Winchester way,
Won't be sad though they know it's a while that I stay,
If I tell them I'm happy and then simply say,
That the cuckoo is singing down Winchester way!

That the cuckoo
Is singing
Down Winchester way!

So give my regards to the men down your way,
And tell them their striving brings nearer the day
When the flags and the banners and Peace folks will say,
There's a sound of "cuckooing" down Winchester way,

And we march
Home victorious
From Winchester way!

Another poem written last year, whilst in anticipation of arrest, is as follows:

Give me to know I still am free
Who have not yet surrendered up my soul;
Give me to feel that Love is still for me
Who follows Love, and Love will reach the goal.

Faint though I may feel, yet still
Save me from fainting in the fight;
Arm me with yet a stronger Will
Dare me to dare my all for Right.

The devotion to the spirit of a great ideal seems inimitably expressed in these lines which have been widely used by those who are attempting to interpret the Conscientious Objector to the general public. A poem, "The Silence," published in "Great Thoughts," has drawn much attention to Mark Hayler's work. This literary journal said, "It is beautiful, quite beautiful."

There is a silence when the Winds are still,
And hushed by unseen hands that bless;
There is a silence when the night conceals
Day's toilings in her calm caress.

Within the spread of fields a silence waits,
Where poppies sentry stand amid the corn;
And I have heard a solemn hush that mates
With Day at Daybreak's Dawn.

Day steals to evening 'mid a stirring rush
Of busy feet and busier whirling wheels;
Night finds her ending in a silver hush—
A silver hush a single daisy feels!

It is a striking indictment of our modern civilization that the old fight of Freedom of Conscience has to be fought over again today, and so many of the singers of a better day are thrust into jail for maintaining the principles of our most elementary rights!

G. B. Smeathley.

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"A home without books is like a hearth without a fire, a cupboard without stores, a purse without money, a life without love, a world without a sun, a universe without a God, a negation without an antithesis."

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

# The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

### *A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Emerson*

**Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre**

## XXVI.

### Socialistic Enlargement, Applied Christianity

| | |
|---|---|
| Robert Owen | 1801-1877 |
| John Ruskin | 1819-1901 |
| Henry George | 1839-1900 |
| Lyof Tolstoy | 1828-1889 |
| Karl Marx | 1818-1883 |

*"The true wealth of a nation is represented by its full-breathed, bright-eyed and happy-hearted human creatures."—Ruskin in "Unto this Last."*

Our studies so far have noted the enlargement of religion through the Protestant Reformation; the still braver enlargement through the leaders in liberal thought, beginning with Servetus and ending with Theodore Parker; through science,—the telescope did break through the near horizon of thought and feeling,—through the skeptical movement of mind when man began to dare to say what he thought; just a suggestion of the enlargement through literature; through the critical study of the Bible; through the comparative study of religion, and through the humanitarian enlargement typified by the work of Dorothea Dix. Today we have the enlargement of sociology, applied Christianity, the co-operation and co-ordination of all the forces of the world under the direction of science and religion into a world of fellowship.

Pedagogically it will be an advantage to confine our study to five men: Robert Owen, John Ruskin, Henry George, Karl Marx and Lyof Tolstoy. These men may be taken as representatives of the movement of modern times that has tried and is trying to develop through industrial activities a sense of brotherhood, the antecedents of which movement are found in the heart of the Christian Gospel, the message of Jesus of Nazareth.

Robert Owen was a Welsh woolman, self made, untrained by church or college, who grew to be the head of a large woolen industry in Southern Scotland. He was the first of many captains of industry who have felt that their obligations to their employees was not discharged when they paid them their weekly wages. Owen followed his people into their homes, studied their domestic problems, sympathized with their sorrows and encouraged them in their aspirations. He recognized a certain social responsibility for the life of those who made his business profitable. Henry Ford of Detroit may be regarded as his successful successor. Realizing that conditions of life in England were not favorable Owen closed out his business there and, in search of room to try out his philosophy, in 1828 came to America. He found a most interesting place ready to his purpose in Indiana. Some ten years before that a German theorist by the name of Rapp, who was intensely evangelical in his theology and splendidly sociological in the application of his theology, had bought a large tract of land in the pine woods of Indiana and there planted a community. By virtue of German industry and simplicity this community thrived. It was shot through and through with all the elements that make for prosperity, plus a splendid religious consecration. Wishing to move closer to civilization where embryonic industries might have a chance to expand, the Rappists sold their land to Owen. Owen rechristened the place, calling it New Harmony and there attempted a sociological experiment based on co-operation and division of labor and responsibility. Perhaps the first public school in the West, as well as an academy of science, art gallery, etc., were inaugurated, all of which form a charming study. After a trial of two years, it and a similar attempt made near Glasgow, were pronounced failures. Owen returned to London and became the head of a vigorous propaganda in which socialism and secularism were combined. The word "socialism" first became current in the discussions of the Association of all Classes of all Nations, formed by Owen in 1835. Later he became interested in spiritualism. His son Robert Dale Owen proved a leader in abolition, woman suffrage and in politics as a member of Congress. He also led in the spiritualistic movement and was the author of "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World."

The story of John Ruskin is beautiful in itself, but so involved on the art side that it is hard for us to think of him as an industrial reformer, a prophet of social justice. He was the son of a wine merchant of moderate fortune. His mother was a strict but conscientious Scotch Presbyterian. His parents early realized that in John they had a genius to raise. He wrote poetry at three and at thirteen was a tractarian. His father hoped he would be poet laureate and his mother that he might be Archbishop of Canterbury. John was a sensitive child and when his conscience failed to torture him his heart did. He fell in love with a Spanish flirt, which affair almost killed him. His friends managed to get him engaged to a beautiful young Scotch woman, in every way notable and worthy, full of life and fun, but who had little in common with this sensitive genius. Millais at this time became acquainted with the Ruskins and he and the young bride became enamored of each other, and Ruskin was big enough to resign his claim to his young wife to the talented artist. Once more, in middle life, he became interested in a woman who seemed to be congenial and fitted for him, but it was when he was deep in heresy, both theological and economic, and she was very pious and refused to marry him.

At Oxford he was famous on the campus before he graduated, and afterward became such a popular lecturer on art that the management was perplexed to keep the women out and give the students a chance. Even then he was sensitive to social conditions, and in teaching art to the undergraduates called their attention to the lack of art on the streets of Oxford, particularly to the condition of the street leading to their lecture hall. The boys, catching his spirit, organized a road-mending gang, selecting as foreman Arnold Toynbee. Toynbee, a man of some wealth, realizing that his term of life was to be short, went into the East End of London and there established

Toynbee Hall. While working there he was visited by a young woman from America, who caught his inspiration and returned to Chicago to start work at the Hull House.

Ruskin when well along in life began a series of monthly letters to the workingmen of England, continued for nine years under the title, "Fors Clavigera." Into them he put pretty nearly everything he knew about art, philosophy, religion and literature, in terms, as he thought, that workingmen might understand. Thackeray, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, undertook to publish his writings, but was obliged to ask release from his contract. The essays were The Roots of Honor, The Veins of Wealth, Who Shall Judge the Earth, and Ad Valorem, collected under the title of "Unto This Last," perhaps the best things ever done by Ruskin. Later Froude tried to give publicity to his writings on political economy, "Munera Pulveris," but on account of unpopularity he had to stop at the end of six months.

One of Ruskin's favorite theories was that of a "glass pocketbook" for wealthy men, believing the world ought to know what such men did with money which in his thought was a trust.

We see in the story of these men the contagion of inspiration. Arnold Toynbee caught the spirit of Ruskin. Ruskin claimed he kindled his fire from the coals on Carlyle's altar. Carlyle the spiritual twin of our Emerson, glimpsed with him the same truths. Carlyle writing in the shade, Emerson in the sunshine; Carlyle with a grim, Emerson with a cheerful accent.

William Morris was another of Ruskin's students; a social reformer, an economic experimenter in industry, an artist and a poet in his own right, who exploited art and at the same time talked on socialism and wrote "The Socialist's Song."

Henry George was another economist who helped to enlarge our religious concept. He was a newspaper man in San Francisco and surprised the world in a burst of power expressed in his book on "Progress and Poverty," his one masterpiece that will stay. It is a book that has influenced and is influencing an increasing number of people and its argument has never been answered. The attempted one, "It will not work," is answered by Tolstoy's phrase, "It has never been tried." Henry George endorsed the doctrine of the unearned increment, the plus to a man's earnings that belongs to humanity, to the world.

Lyof Tolstoy was born to all the luxury, extravagance and vice that goes with nobility and inherited estates, but he was too good to be spoiled. He began his career in the army, but when at the front wrote back papers that caused orders to be issued from headquarters that the young lieutenant should not be exposed. He was summoned to Petrograd and was not allowed to return to the front. When Russia manumitted her slaves without bloodshed, Tolstoy felt the responsibility of his estate, returned to the old homestead and settled down to live with his peasant neighbors. He thought every man ought to earn his own living, so set up his shoemaker's bench and gave up a brilliant career as a novelist. Perhaps no novels aside from Victor Hugo's are comparable to the three great stories of Tolstoy. He chose instead to write little leaflets for the peasant people in Russia, and became, next to Jesus, the greatest parable maker in history. He was another man who stood for a movement that has moved religion outward as well as upward.

In this socialistic enlargement, or enlargement from the study of social science, we must include the "Socialist," although unwilling to limit the word to mean any one group of thinkers. The technical socialistic enlargement is of course represented by Karl Marx. To him we are most indebted for the spread of the thought of internationalism, the word toward which we have groped for seven years. John Spargo, in his interesting work on the life of Karl Marx, closes with these words:

> When all is said that can be said concerning the mistakes of Marx, he remains a great historic figure of world-wide importance. Whatever modifications of his theories may be rendered necessary by capitalistic development, he must always be regarded as the real founder of modern scientific Socialism. His name rises like a great beacon in the modern world, a beacon which illuminates millions of men and women in all the lands which capitalism has touched with its blight. He took the chaotic and despised elements of proletarian revolt and made of them the greatest political movement in history. With a fidelity and whole-heartedness equalled only by his great genius and learning he served the working class and made its cause and its struggle his own. And today, more than a quarter of a century after his death, the international movement of the proletariat is inspired by his great cry: *"Workingmen of all countries, Unite!"*

QUESTIONS.

(1) Compare early life of Owen, Ruskin, George and Tolstoy.
(2) What are the best known writings of the three last named?
(3) Tell Robert Owen's story.
(4) Who were some of Ruskin's best known followers?
(5) What were some of the contrasts in Tolstoy's life?

## THE VOICE

Out she leaned into the night,
  All her spirit to immerse
In the wilderness of light,
  Universe on universe.

There great golden planets wheeled;
  There the star-swarmed Milky Way,
All its glancing sheen revealed,
  In depths of lustre lay.

Like some great sapphire Lyra glowed;
  A ruby shaft Antares shot;
There nebulæ on darkness showed
  Only a silver blot.

How great the distances, how far
  The search went, following the lines,
The awful lines from star to star
  Where still new splendor shines!

How wonderful the power that wrought
  In those still spheres, and kept their place!
Of her could such a power have thought,
  An atom lost in space?

A gloom fell on the glorious night,—
  She all uncared-for and forlorn,—
Those stars in their eternal flight
  Were of such greatness born.

And then a voice across the wild
  Seemed to come like a dear caress,
"O think not of my greatness, child,
  Think of my tenderness!"

*—Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

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# THE FIELD

***"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."***

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE SECOND CONFERENCE FOR DEMOCRACY AND TERMS OF PEACE.

**Held in Chicago, July 6-8, 1917.**

PREAMBLE.

United in our love for America we are convinced that we can best serve our country by urging upon our countrymen the adoption of the following policies:

1. *Peace.*

The Conference favors an immediate general and democratic peace to be secured through negotiation in harmony with the principles outlined by the President of the United States and by revolutionary Russia, and accepted substantially by the democratic forces of France, England, Italy, Germany, Austria, and other countries, namely:

a. No forcible annexation of territory.

b. No punitive indemnities.

c. Free development of all nationalities.

We favor international reorganization for the maintenance of Peace. As steps leading thereto we suggest the adjudication of disputes among nations, simultaneous disarmament, freedom of the seas, neutralization of international waterways, and other similar measures.

2. *Peace Terms.*

We urge the Congress of the United States immediately to announce its war aims in definite and concrete terms upon the above principles, and to make efforts to induce the allied countries to make similar declarations, thus informing our public for what concrete objects they are called upon to fight, and thereby forcing a definite expression of war aims on the part of the Central powers.

We demand that this country shall not carry on war for the territorial and imperialistic ambitions of other countries. Further, we demand that it shall make no agreement with other governments limiting the freedom of action, nor any agreement or understanding looking toward an economic war after the war.

3. *American Liberties.*

The first victims of war are the people's liberties. It was to preserve these liberties that our forefathers framed the first amendment to the constitution, forbidding Congress to abridge the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

We hereby protest to the President and Congress against any abridgement of these rights, and call upon the American people to defend them. We shall oppose with all legal means at our disposal the abuse of censorship of newspapers and of other printed matter, and the interference with their distribution by the postal department.

We demand that private mail shall not be tampered with. The invasion of homes or offices without search-warrants and the seizure of private letters and documents is clearly a violation of the constitution of the United States. We protest against the suppression of any public meetings of American citizens, and against the imprisonment of citizens without warrant or charge.

We also declare that all American citizens are entitled to passports to neutral countries.

Secret diplomacy must be abolished. We demand democratic control of our foreign policy. We insist on the right of discussion in Congress, in the press, and in public meetings, of the terms of all alliances, agreements and treaties. No war should be declared nor system of conscription adopted without referendum of the people.

4. *Conscription.*

We pledge ourselves to work for the repeal of laws for compulsory military training, and compulsory military service, and to oppose the enactment of such laws in the future.

We appeal to the Congress of the United States immediately to amend the Conscription Act so as (1) to grant exemption to all conscientious objectors whether or not they be members of recognized religious organizations, and so as (2) to provide that men drafted into the army shall not be compelled against their will to serve outside the borders of the United States.

Inasmuch as the legal branch of the War Department has refused to state whether those young men of military age who were registered on June 5th are by that act subjected to the jurisdiction of martial law, and, inasmuch as many young men have on this ground refused to present themselves for registration, this conference hereby appeals to the government for a full and unmistakable pronouncement on this point and requests the release from prosecution and punishment of those who on conscientious grounds refused to register.

5. *Industrial Standards.*

The standard of living of American workers as revealed by the report of the Industrial Relations Commission and other impartial investigators prior to the war was shamefully low. To furnish the vast profits that American organized business is exacting from the American people the cost of living has been increased until even these American standards have been undermined.

The long struggle that has been waged to reduce hours, to raise wages, to abolish child labor, to protect the life, limbs and health of the wage earners, has created definite minimum labor standards. A nation-wide assault on these standards is now in progress. Cheap alien labor is to be imported; women are replacing the men who leave for the front. We call upon the working people to insist that the labor laws be preserved and enforced; maintaining the rights gained through the labor movement by opposing the importation of cheap alien labor and prisoners of war, and insisting that where women take the place of men they receive men's wages.

We, therefore, demand that Congress provide forthwith the machinery for controlling profits on the necessities of life.

Taxation of the necessities of life invariably reduces the standards of living. We, therefore, demand that none of the revenue required for the prosecution of war shall come from such taxation.

We oppose the insertion into any bills of a prohibition against strikes. Industrial democracy makes for peace—Industrial plutocracy makes for war. This brings with it autocratic control of industry in the interest of the ruling classes. The American people, joining hands with the new democracy of Russia, must lay the basis for permanent world peace by establishing industrial democracy.

6. *People's Council.*

This conference goes on record as endorsing the plans and purposes of the People's Council of America. We call upon the delegates to this conference to request the organizations from which they come to elect delegates to the constituent assembly of the People's Council, which is to meet on September 1st, at the call of the National Organizing Committee.

The Chicago People's Council, Room 1541, Unity Building, Chicago.

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